

# BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

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*Charles L. Moore*  
Editor

## Some Pious People the Worst Enemies to Prohibition.

In this section where there are not many Prohibition papers, I think an effort is made to lessen my influence by making it appear that I am an exception to the general rule of Prohibition editors, in that I say so much against religionists who are against Prohibition.

I think my complaint is common among Prohibition editors.

It's the pious man that gets us down. Prohibition is not afraid of saloon men, nor editors, nor of one kind of politicians. But there is another kind of politician that I must confess gets away with us.

The saloon man, the distiller and brewer, and the Republican and Democratic papers who back them, do not give us any trouble; and the regular liquor papers that are edited in that interest we hardly regard as worthy of attention. All of that kind we can clean out in the conflict of brains against brains, just like the Germans did up the French in the Franco-Prussian war. Then a politician like Senator Jo. Blackburn does not cause much uneasiness to the Prohibition managers. All we have to do for that class is to give them rope and they will hang themselves. Really the Prohibition party of Kentucky could just as well afford to give up George Bain as Jo. Blackburn. There's one little tale they tell about Senator Blackburn that makes us many Prohibitionists as one of Bain's best lectures.

The story represents Senator Blackburn as being away out West among the Indians. The Senator has only a quart left of the daily rations of Kentucky whisky with which he is in the habit of starting out on the business of each day. The Indian finds out the Senator has the whisky and offers him his gun for it. But Senator "Jo," as they all familiarly call him, will not even consider the proposition. Then the Indian offers the Senator his horse for the whisky, but it's no go; and then the Indian offers his farm for the whisky, and the Senator tells him that he has only the one quart and that he is ten miles from his supplies, and that he would not under those peculiar circumstances give that quart of whisky for the whole Indian Territory.

At this point it is supposed that one solid guffaw will read the air from the throat of every saloon man, distiller, brewer, ward politician and Democratic editor all over the United States, and that "Jo's" return to the Senate is made all hunky for another term.

This Indian joke has gotten into this stereotyped matter that Lexington papers buy at 75 cents a yard and print in papers at \$9.00 a year. It takes about two and a half inches to tell this story about "Jo" and the Indian, and whenever a Kentucky Democratic paper's foreman, in making up the forms for the paper, wants something to "fill out," that will occupy about two inches and a half, he looks around with no more discrimination as to the material of his paper than a mason would use in the selection of a brick from a pile of uniform quality, and "Jo's" Indian and whisky story is just as hable to go in as a sample brick of Democratic wit as anything else of about that length that may be lying around.

It does not make any difference if right next to "Jo's" joke there is an account of how his friend Judge Marshall Buford has fled a drunken mania through the city at midnight, and trembling with horror and bleeding from wounds has been captured and sent to an insane asylum; the same paper in an adjoining column may tell of how a well reared young man in a fit of drunkenness walks up behind our good citizen Mr. Wilson, and for no reason on earth except he was drunk, drives a knife to its hilt into Mr. Wilson's bosom, or tells of how drunken men at Fall-month, in Kentucky, with shot guns scatter the brains of a noble officer over the front of his own door, or how a drunken gang run a Kentucky drudge off the bench, and shoot at him as he swims a river, or how a "moon-shiner" shoots United States Marshal Rogers in the back, through his

window at night, while for months thousands of Kentuckians inquire anxiously every day if he is living, and reporters go to see and tell about him, and tell how his aged mother traveled through rain and storm on horseback over mountains, and said by him and watched and worked day and night, until with labor and exhaustion heart broke, and she died, and they buried her while tears welled up from the heart and streamed from the eyes of nearly every faithful old mother in Kentucky.

The hilarity from "Jo's" Indian and whisky tale is supposed by every Democratic editor in the State to mingle most harmoniously with those tears, and the whisky blotted Democratic ward politician whose breath stinks with whisky and tobacco, and the nasty tales that he tells is supposed to split his sides over "Jo's" ineffable humor.

The country Democratic politician, who talks at cross roads, and who from being with families where affliction naturally followed in the wake of his ministrations, and who has thus gotten to the hearts of the people, not second to the family minister, though the horse laugh of the town humorist not required of him, is at least expected to smile when he tells of how funny a man "Jo" is.

Then when "Jo" catches a little United States Senator by the ear and jerks him around, there is not a paper in Kentucky, Democratic or Republican that would dare to inquire if the redoubtable "Jo" would probably have done this had the offending party been John Morissey, the New York slinger Congressman, instead of a little defenseless Senator, who may reasonably have feared to resist a man from a State whose distinction was whisky and pistols, and where the crime of using the latter was extenuated by the crime of using the former, on the principle, "similia similibus curantur."

Then when "Jo" undertakes to bulldoze a fellow out West where they know something about pistols as well as they do in Kentucky, and the fellow, to "Jo's" surprise, is ready for a fight and wants to meet "our Jo" out on the duelling field, and every Democrat in the State that has been whooping "Jo" up is looking for a duck, the gory details of which the newspaper reporters are already outlining in their minds, there comes the mortifying intelligence that follows all the duelling fiascos of these degenerate days, that "friends have interfered," and the *omnibus honorable* has been served up *a la mode*, and the fat is in the fire, the dog is dead, the jig is up, the fun is all spoiled, and the "quiver" of expectancy lapses into disappointed lassitude.

Think of the familiarity that among high-toned people breeds contempt, when every hummer and saloon keeper and rural roster of a Democratic editor habitually speaks of a United States Senator, who is going down the hill of life, as "Jo."

Think of the contemporaries and personal friends of Webster, and Calhoun, and John Randolph, and Alexander Hamilton calling them "Dan," and "Jack," and "Smart Aleck."

As I said in the beginning, Senator Blackburn's case is not one that gives the Prohibitionists any trouble.

If you give a man a little arsenic, it will kill him, but if you give him a teaspoonful he may vomit it up and it may not hurt him.

Senator Blackburn's gross views of the whisky question and of the Kentucky code, is a whole tablespoonful of political arsenic, and it goes down and comes up again with but little more nausea than a man would feel who had swallowed that much musty corn meal.

But the fellow that knocks us Prohibitionists out is that sweet scented geranium, yelet "Silver Tongue" by a son of Hiawatha named Eugene. He goes away with me, and I don't know how to come back at him. O, dear no, he would not drink whisky for any thing. His great noble generous Christian soul would have given that Indian the quart of whisky and a Sunday School tract besides and would have promised him a whole original package of whisky if the Indian would agree to help the neighbor. "Silver Tongue's" cousin Clayton out of that Clayton racket in Arkansas, and he would have sent that original package just as sure as he could have got it on credit.

You see a noble generosity like that of "Silver Tongue" stands in striking contrast with that of "Jo" that would not give "poor Jo" even a drink of whisky. It's hard to down a man like "Silver Tongue." Such men, like Banquo's old chestnut ghost, will not "down at the bidding" of ye Prohibition crank, and if they do down him for a while, they find that "it's hard to keep a good man down," as the whole said when he found that Jonah would not lie on his stomach and he had to wade ashore and "cast" him up.

"Silver Tongue" goes to Washington and gets in his work for whisky by his vote for the "original package bill," but when he comes home you don't hear the newspapers saying anything about his going to the races and getting turned over in a buggy as he goes home, by running against a blasted rock that was dissipating a little and had gotten itself off the side of the road into the middle of the turn-pike.

No, "Silver Tongue" doesn't go to the races, doesn't say "dam," either in horse talk or profanity, doesn't chew tobacco, smoke a pipe, tell nasty stories or commit any of the conventional peccadilloes of the Kentucky regulation politician.

But with a malicious evidence he would talk as sweetly as if he were yet in the pulpit, and will "roar" you as gently as sucking a dove in words that exude a holy perfume on the circumambient air, as they fall like petals from the last rose of summer.

If somebody will manage that political Adams, that mandarin angel from whose shoulders the wings are sprouting for the realm of harps and palms, this champion of whisky and Sunday School's the Bluegrass Blade and I will try and set up with "Jo" and all the Lexington editors and beer jerkers just by our two lone selves.

But "Silver Tongue" is too much for me.

Now I am going to say the ugliest thing that I ever said in any newspaper or anywhere else, and people who want to stop their papers on account of it are requested to send in their cards all at once, and let me get through the job of taking their names off my lists.

I never swore an oath in my life, but last summer a blasted old stray cow got into my hay field and I tried to drive her out.

The hay was the thickest I ever saw grow on the ground, and to run through it was as hard as running through a snow drift four feet deep. But instead of being cold it was hot as the dickens, and the sweat rolled off me like shot off a shovel.

I ran the durned old cow for a mile and a half through that standing timothy, and when I finally broke down she was at the furthest corner of the field from the only gate into it, and the field was inclosed by a new wire and picket fence and a strong, new plank fence.

That old stray cow had knocked down fourteen dollars worth of hay and was still tramping around in it where you could not see much of her but her horns sticking up. I was so mad I didn't know what to do, and I came so near swearing, if I did not do it, that I went to the house and confessed to my wife, and let the old cow tramp down about four dollars' worth more.

But I'll tell you what I have concluded: When I do swear my first oath I am not going to waste it upon the desert air of a peccadillo-stray cow. I am going to swear one that the natives will recollect, like they do "Uncle Toby's" oath in "Tristram Shandy."

I am going to wait until I get an appreciative audience, and I am going to raise my hand toward high heaven, and say,

such a man as "Silver Tongue."

## A Stockholder of The Blade Refuses to Pay His Subscription.

Nov. 8th, 1890.  
Mr. C. C. Moore,

Dear Sir—I have this morning received your second circular letter requesting that I remit ten dollars to you in lieu of my subscription to the incorporated company originally proposed for the publication of The Blue Grass Blade.

I do not consider myself in any way bound to you for this sum, and beg to say without unkindness to you, that I disapprove of your conduct of the paper. I must therefore

decline to support your paper in the manner you ask.  
Very Respectfully Yours,  
J. D. Hunt.

Judge Hunt is the third gentleman who has refused to pay his stock subscription to the Blue Grass Blade.

The first one a banker, Mr. William Sayre, declined to do it on the ground that he had signed his name, and written the figure 1, the latter under the heading "Number of shares," not knowing what he was doing.

The second, Dr. Oxford declined to pay because he said that in my plan his stock could not be represented.

Judge Hunt, as he declines to pay because he does not "consider himself in any way bound."

Of course I would not now have Judge Hunt's money, but I must show why I consider that he has treated me with great injustice, in order that those whom it may concern may understand the radical change in my estimate of him.

So far as any personal kindness to him is concerned, I shall be as ready to extend it, should an occasion offer, as I ever have been, but an indiscriminate exhibition of regard for those who do right and for those who do wrong is neither good morals nor justice to my friends; whom I claim as my friends because they are just and generous.

I do not think that the case of Judge Hunt is either of these.

He plainly says that the ground upon which he declines to pay his subscription to the stock of the Blade is that he disapproves of the conduct of the paper.

As the plainly printed contract that he signed did not commit the paper to any line of conduct, he has no ground to claim a release from his obligation to pay his stock subscription because of any line of conduct that the paper may have adopted.

Common business intelligence should have suggested to Judge Hunt that he had no right to set up such a plea. As Dr. Chalm suggested, in his letter to the Gazette, here were over a hundred gentlemen who represented interests as antipodal as preaching the gospel and conducting a State university on the one hand, and running race-horses and selling whisky on the other.

These gentlemen were white and black, were Prohibitionists, Democrats and Republicans. They were most enthusiastic Christians, and enthusiastic friends of different shades.

Why Judge Hunt under these circumstances should have picked himself out of all these gentlemen any of whom are his peers, as being pre-eminently the man whose views of propriety were to be consulted in the editing of the paper, can only be accounted for on the supposition that he has made a mistake, or that he attaches to himself an importance entirely inconsistent with his conceded modesty.

Before the issuance of the first number of the BLADE, as a business transaction I would not have disconnected Judge Hunt's financial obligation to me at one per cent. without recourse.

After the issuance of the first number and the meeting of the stockholders in the Court House, Judge Hunt's obligation to pay his stock was, if possible intensified by the ratification of that meeting. The animus of the meeting was, that they felt the moral and business obligation to pay me as per agreement, but that they had a right to release themselves from any moral responsibility for the tone of the paper. The evident justice of this position I publicly recognized, and the meeting ended with that understanding without a demurrer from Judge Hunt.

A number of the parties present paid me their subscription at the time, others of those present have since paid me, none have declined to pay me, and I believe all will pay me except Judge Hunt.

I do not want to appear as possibly making an *ex parte* statement of this case, as knowledge my great liability to error, and sincerely ask, in justice to Judge Hunt, if any other stockholder, who was present at that meeting, thinks Judge Hunt is right in his view, and I am wrong, that he will so state in a communication to THE BLADE, that will be published without reply by me, however disadvantageous to me it may be.

I will not, however, pay any attention to any defence of Judge Hunt, that may appear in any other paper.

If Judge Hunt claims release from his obligation on the ground

that the meeting was informal and without parliamentary organization, then Judge Hunt pleads an advantage of his own *bona fide*, he having been most earnestly requested by the whole house, including myself, to act as chairman on the occasion.

In addition to this, as a means of granting release from this stock subscription to such as wished to be released, I published in a conspicuous place my willingness then to release them, with a request that all who wished to avail themselves of the opportunity to be released should then so notify me, as I should determine my business of publishing the paper in accordance with their replies, or, I think, words to that effect, which could readily be gathered from the general tenor of the whole paper. The paper has gone regularly to Judge Hunt, and that he has read it is admitted in his statement that he disapproves of its tone.

Neither Judge Hunt nor any other availed themselves of my offered release, and after allowing all abundant time to do so, I, in good faith, made business arrangements, based upon the tacitly admitted obligation to pay me, as agreed upon, and having, as I thought, abundant right to rely upon their honor as gentlemen and their integrity as business men. I, under this conviction, assumed financial responsibilities as I would not otherwise have done.

That Judge Hunt was willing for me to proceed under the business assumption alluded to is recognized by him in the fact that he did not allege any misapprehension on my part on his receiving my first notification of his alleged indebtedness to me.

To the accuracy of my statement as being such, to the best of my knowledge, I am willing to be qualified. I have no thought of any purpose to attempt to collect Judge Hunt's subscription by law, but though he has been a Circuit Judge, and I never stood as an attorney before a bar, I believe I could go into court as my own attorney, before a jury of Fayette County gentlemen who had been legally impeached, and compel Judge Hunt to pay me.

## LEADER AND CAPITAL.

Both should unite in supporting the Prohibition Party Candidates.

Dr. M. E. Dugan, in a very excellent column, delivered recently in Lexington, and reported by The Daily Press, says:

Any day when labor rises in its might at the ballot box, the policy of power, the curse of legislation and the disposition of capital will be in its hands, and so, when labor is weary of oppression at the hands of capital in this country, it can redress its own wrongs by the legitimate means in its possession.

Labor is oppressed by capital in various ways, not only from the inadequate pay for the work done. Great corporations, whose water their stock, give to shares of stock holders values, and add to the cost of manufacture or transportation sufficient to make a large percentage of dividends on their watered stock, and the laboring classes, who are the chief consumers, have to pay it. This is simply legalized robbery, and all watering of stocks ought to be prohibited. By the side of this stands exemption of capital in government bonds from taxation.

A Vanderbilt with \$80,000,000 has no taxable personal property, while a poor laboring man, struggling, economizing to get a little home in which to shelter his family, must pay on the last farthing of his possessions. True, these bonds were exempted from taxation as an inducement to have them taken when the country was fighting for its national life, and that may have been well at the time; but the war is a quarter of a century past, those bonds are at a premium, why continue this exemption from taxation in the new issue? Let the workingman with a ballot in his hand answer the question.

How are workmen to obtain relief through the ballot? The leading parties in our country are run by money contributed mainly by capitalists. In view of this fact a single Vanderbilt or Carnegie has more weight in their plans than a hundred thousand workingmen. And it cannot be otherwise so long as these parties require millions of dollars at every important election with which to buy "votes." Money to these parties is as right hands, and their left hands are the saloons. The essential difference between them is in being run by different sets of politicians. How can workmen hope to obtain permanent relief as long as parties run by whisky and money are kept in power? Who will answer?—Central New York News.

## Grease and Salimony.

One of our contemporaries is struggling with the question why some men cheerfully pay five cents for a glass of whisky, but would refuse to pay an outrageous price for a newspaper, which, published at great expense and labor, gives him the history of the world for a day. It really seems as if the willingness to pay is in inverse proportion to the usefulness and permanence of the articles consumed. The liquor seller not only gets his money without gratitude, but is paid in cash, while the grocer, the baker and tailor are beaten down to the last cent, and have to wait long and sometimes in vain for their pay.—Toronto Globe.

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Nancy.  
Nicholasville Democrat.

Oh Nancy Hanks, get out of that,  
I love you like a brother,  
To Nancy Hanks goes off my hat,  
I love you like none other.

Oh Nancy you're the Queen of Speed,  
The gods on you bestow it,  
At the next meet let all men read,  
And all the Nations know it.

Oh, my of fleetness, filled with grit,  
Eclipse O'Shanter's Meg,  
And jacks in mison exclaim,  
"The best that's fitted leg."

Kalidescopes or Moore'n he  
can Chaw.  
From Nicholasville Democrat.

He calls his blade the Blue,  
He fights the liquor red,  
He went for a cottage plank,  
And how the blackguards bled.

Some hypocrites turned pale,  
Though robed in garments white,  
The press with envy green,  
Now vomit black as night.

On cadaver superstition  
He means to wage a fight—  
Reform all giddy girls  
In Yellow Silks to-night.

He sets firm to his task,  
A crank inspired, too,  
But his sympathy in color  
Is Moore'n he can chew.

Mrs. Josephine K. Henry in the  
Southern Journal of  
Sept. 13.

THE SALOONIST SINGING.  
"Oh! how I love Jesus."

We attended church a few days ago,  
and saw a 250 pound saloon keeper  
dressed in faultless store clothes, sport-  
ing a diamond pin which looked like a  
juvenile electric light, sitting in the  
choir holding an open hymn book. To  
our right sat a gray haired man, bowed  
with age and grief, whose son had taken  
his own life in a saloon. To our left sat  
a sad faced woman who had had one son  
killed in a drunken brawl, another to  
die of delirium tremens, and still has  
one who is the evil nemesis of her de-  
clining days, for through the influence  
of the saloon he racks her life with an-  
guish and terror. All around me were  
men whose lives and fortunes were  
blighted by whiskey, widows with father-  
less children who are struggling with this  
unjust cold world for a support because  
the saloon has robbed them and put  
their natural protectors in drunken  
graves. And yet with these object les-  
sons in the saloon, a saloon keeper is  
allowed to rise in the church and sing  
"Oh! how I love Jesus."

If the saloon keeper has to be called  
in to help "enlarge the borders of Zion" we  
believe we will stay outside, and until  
the Church can offer something that has  
a semblance to the Christianity preached  
by the lowly Nazarine we want none of  
it. Church people have no right to ask  
where we get our theology from. We  
have no doubt that the very churches  
that tolerate whisky dealers and smile  
on them, have their eyes fixed on some  
poor heathen in Africa, while they  
meet on the way to church  
twenty heathen these men have  
made. We suppose it is only the idea of  
a crank, but it does seem to me that  
prompted by religion would tell us to  
labor in our own vineyard to keep our  
heathen drop down to the lowest possible  
state. What good sense is there going  
off to foreign pastures to cut down the  
thorns and briars when our own "woods  
are full of them." If a Bramble bush is  
not at the door of the temple to catch  
the poor innocent heathens, how can they  
reach the altar?

"All men are created free and equal."  
There is not a shadow of a doubt about  
that. No one questions in this day that  
all men are free and some equal to most  
anything, but where is the nice little  
maxim in regard to the equality of women?  
Religion and politics only recognize  
them in the capacity of subs, when  
debt lifting, church cleaning, and tax  
paying are on the tapis. Under our  
present regime it rather looks like both  
Christianity and Democracy are dismal  
failures, but we are not of that opinion  
since neither one has been tried.

In the debate in the United States  
Senate on the admission of Wyoming,  
Senator Morgan took the ground that the  
ballo had an immoral influence, there-  
fore, it should not be granted to women.  
Is that what is the matter with so many  
of the masculine gender? If so let us  
work and pray to have it taken away  
from them specially. If a general re-  
form will invade the masculine realm  
How this woman suffrage question is dis-  
tressing the moss backs. They are as  
much behind the times as the man that  
voted for Gen. Jackson in the last  
election.

The above is from a long article  
of this gifted and enthusiastic  
woman, all of which is just as  
good as this.

This woman writes me a letter  
on a sheet, upon which is printed  
a text from the New Testament  
and tells me that the "Rational  
View" lies as a hand-book upon  
her reading table, and that she  
wanted to lend her eighty-five  
pounds to turn the grind-stone  
for THE BLADE.

You see, she has the same com-  
plaint to make of these religious  
people that I do.

I used to preach for the Church  
at Versailles and she was one of  
my parishioners, and I could add a  
touching story to the instances of  
whisky ruin that she tells of.

You Christian people can see  
that in a case like this, where a  
woman has brains and strong  
moral convictions, your inconsis-  
tencies are such that the cords  
with which you would bind her  
to the church are scarcely stronger  
than cobwebs.

Think of compelling a woman  
like that to stand beside a 250  
pound demijohn, all but the wil-  
low, and join with him in singing  
"Oh, how I love Jesus!"

You keep that kind of people  
in your churches because they  
help to pay the preacher, and I  
tell you it will not be long before  
Rationalism will knock you out.

Let me show you Versailles  
people the difference between that  
Christian Prohibition woman and  
your Christian Democrats.

I used to preach for you Ver-  
sailles people, and when things got  
cloudy in my understanding of  
the Bible, and I told you all so,  
and got down out of the pulpit  
and went to plowing in a seventy  
acre field that stretches out before  
the window at which I now write,  
I believe there was hardly a man,  
woman or child, black or white,  
in Versailles that was not sorry for  
it. You all said I was honest and  
conscientious, and during the  
quarter of a century that has flown  
since then, during which I have  
lived under the ban of religion,  
you have never heard an intima-  
tion of anything I have said or  
done that was unworthy the char-  
acter of a Christian.

You have seen me engaged with  
my paper in trying to overthrow  
the evil that has drawn the trail  
of the serpent over your town, and  
has caused your young men to  
suicide and murder, and brought  
sorrow upon heads grown gray  
since I lived with you.

You say now, just as you did  
then, that I am honest and con-  
scientious, and that my work is a  
grand and good one.

The only money that I ever took  
for any preaching was what I asked  
you to pay for board in a nice  
private family and not one dollar  
of which ever came into my hands,  
and you would not naturally sup-  
pose that I had gone into the edit-  
ing of a Prohibition paper in this  
whisky soaked country for the pur-  
pose of making money.

Yet, under these circumstances,  
though I have a good number of  
papers going to Versailles, of all of  
you who read it only one man has  
paid me, and he paid me but one  
dollar.

But as for this woman, "she  
hath done what she could," and  
that was to pay me the first ten  
dollars that I received for a share  
of stock; then two dollars more  
when she received the first number  
of the paper, and writes letters of  
encouragement to me and my  
wife in our most discouraging  
hours, and writes pieces for the  
paper full of brains and heart.

And yet the chivalry and Chris-  
tianity of the church to which I  
preached at Versailles will grant  
the right of suffrage to that 250  
pound tub of g-ts and withhold  
it from such a woman

**Sensible to the Last.**  
Editor of The Blade:—The en-  
closed article was published in the  
Press some two years ago  
with a request that answers  
should be given, and as none  
were given I then sent them to  
the Transcript, of which no notice  
was taken, and having much con-  
fidence in the editor of the  
Gazette and rather a favorable  
opinion of the Leader I request  
their publication in each paper  
and explicit answers.

**It is Said There Are Two Sides  
to Every Question.**  
Editor Lexington Press:—To give  
the opponents of Prohibition an  
opportunity to give their side of  
the question, answers are re-  
quested to the following interro-  
gatories:

1. Is not the saloon regarded  
as a great evil and injurious to  
the prosperity and happiness of  
the people?

2. Is it morally wrong to  
sanction by law, any business  
that is injurious to public morals  
and general good of the people?

3. Are not all citizens guar-  
anteed equal rights to engage in  
any lawful business? The above  
being true, is it right, by high  
license, to destroy that equality  
by creating a monopoly and thus  
prevent those not able to pay  
high license from engaging in a  
business considered lawful?

4. The advocates of high license  
claim that it makes the saloon  
more respectable, thereby less-  
ening the evil and increasing the  
revenue for the support of the  
government.

5. Has not the power that has  
the right to lessen an evil the  
same power to destroy that evil?

6. Should not the government  
be supported by a tax on the prop-  
erty and not the business of the  
people when that business is de-  
structive to life and the pros-  
perity and happiness of the  
people?

7. As gambling houses and  
houses of prostitution are ad-  
mitted to be evils would it be  
right to license such houses and  
thus make them more respectable  
and thereby lessen the evil?

The above questions remained  
unanswered for several weeks  
and I then sent them to our  
honorable representative in Con-  
gress, Col. Breckinridge, and I  
will next week publish our corre-  
spondence. I request persons to  
preserve this paper containing  
these questions.

Truly,  
J. G. CHINN.

**Rev. Dr. Frazer's Sermon at  
the Funeral of the Mur-  
dered Dr. H. P. Gor-  
ham.**

The Blade hopes to print in its next  
issue the funeral sermon of Dr. B. P.  
Gorham, who was murdered by Demo-  
cratic whisky. It touches upon points  
that the law makers of our country  
should regard.

**Democratic Memories.**  
Some of these Democrats that live  
in the country are nice enough peo-  
ple, but they have such bad mem-  
ories that it makes them appear to  
bad advantage, and people who do  
not understand this might suppose  
them to be telling that which is not  
true.

They can't recollect from one  
election to another.

Last summer, a few days after  
the August election, I was playing  
in the smartweed—high enough to  
hide a yearling calf when the  
most influential Democrat in the  
diocese came along and got out of  
his buggy to have a good talk,  
while I sat on the plow beam. We  
were all fearfully wrought up over  
the way things had been managed  
out there; and the gentleman  
seemed to be just as much so as I  
was. There had been a split in the  
Democratic party, and the high-  
toned ones, who had absorbed a lit-  
tle of the circumambient Prohibition  
sentiment, had concluded to  
run independent candidates of a  
moral tone, against the regular old  
line nominees that believed in the  
good old way of rolling out the  
whisky when you want to carry an  
election.

The gentleman who stopped my  
plow had gotten a considerable in-  
sultion of Prohibition morals, and  
seemed to hate to appear to vote  
for a straight out whisky Demo-  
crat.

But this nice man who stopped  
me explained to me that owing to  
an unfortunate circumstance he had  
voted for the whisky man against  
the other man. He said he had  
gone to the polls early in the morn-  
ing and had voted before the regu-  
lar line Democrats had got to roll-  
ing out the whisky, and not  
knowing that they were going to  
do that, he had unwittingly voted  
for men who had brought whisky  
and made the negroes drink, and  
he was so mortified that I felt  
sorry for him, and assured him  
that I appreciated just how it hap-  
pened, and told him that under the  
circumstances it should not lessen  
my high appreciation of him.

He then added, with the peni-  
tential slow, deliberative style that  
characterizes his remarks when he  
is in great earnest, "There's one  
thing I have made up my mind  
about, and that is that I am never  
going to vote early in the morning  
again. I am going to wait until  
late in the evening and see how  
the candidates have been conduct-  
ing themselves, and then I am go-  
ing to vote."

I got to the polls before any-  
body else, because I didn't live but  
three miles away and I just walked  
over while other people were get-  
ting their horses. The next man  
there was the one who as a candi-  
date in August, had so offended  
the sense of propriety of the  
party allied to. The next man  
that came was the gentleman who  
was not going to vote early any  
more.

The first vote cast was by a gen-  
tleman who sat in his buggy out-  
side because he was sick and he  
was waited upon first.

The next vote cast was by the  
gentleman who told me in August  
that he was not going to vote early  
any more.

It was true there was no appear-  
ance that the contest between the  
Democrats and the Prohibitionists  
would be close enough to induce  
the Democrats to use any whisky.  
But the good man voted the same  
ticket as the man whose use of  
whisky at the August election had  
given so much offense to the high-  
toned Democrats and both of them  
voted for Billy Breckinridge, who  
had distinguished himself by his  
support of the "original package"  
outrage, and against Ford, who  
was opposed to whisky.

The phenomenal weakness of the  
memories of Democrats is one of  
the strongest features in the party.  
This disgust on the part of the  
more moral element of Democracy  
against the way elections are man-  
aged by the rulers in their party,  
occurs on an average of once a  
year, and the moral element among  
them swears off and is never going  
to do so any more; but the next  
time the election comes off they  
march up and vote the same old  
way and then make the same old  
complaint, and so it goes.

If we could just get up some  
kind of a scheme to educate Demo-  
cratic memories, Prohibition  
would be all right.

**To the Prohibitionists of Ken-  
tucky.**

LEXINGTON, KY., Nov. 8, '90.

Since our appeal to you two  
weeks ago through The Blade,  
asking you to make such pledges  
to the State Committee as you felt  
justifiable in doing, and was your  
duty to do, only two have respond-  
ed up to and including the date of  
this letter. That was W. D. Bry-  
ant and James M. Coyle, of Rus-  
sell Cave, Ky. The amount of  
their subscription with a check for  
\$5, signed Chas. C. Moore, re-  
ceived yesterday, Nov. 7th. I re-  
gret having to come before the pub-  
lic in a second issue of this appeal  
to you. But in view of the posi-  
tion of the State Committee to  
National Committee, if for

**Beatty Fence.**

I have as a farmer used the following varieties of fencing: stone,  
post and rail, plank and post, barbed wire, linked wire, Virginia worm,  
picket and runner, and three kinds of wire and picket fence, including  
the "Beatty fence," made by D. H. Beatty, Prohibitionist and crank of  
this city, and I hereby testify that in a half dozen of the most import-  
ant elements it is the best fence I ever saw.

Sworn to, on the Dictionary, by me this October 1, year of our Lord,  
1890.  
CHARLES C. MOORE,  
Prohibitionist and Crank

other purpose than self-defence, it  
must be done.

There is not a man in Fayette  
County who makes any pretensions  
to Prohibition, who can not pay  
at least one dollar per month to the  
support of the committee, and  
many of them can do more. The  
thirteen of us who attended the  
Conference in Louisville, October  
23d, raised about one half of the  
sum required, aside from the Na-  
tional Committee's pledge. So far  
as my books\* shows we have  
pledges now amounting to \$47.20  
per month. This amount having  
been donated by twenty-one men.  
Our time is limited, having prom-  
ised Chairman Dickie that we  
would have a man in the field  
by December 1st, this is the 8th of  
November, and you can see the  
necessity of sending in your  
pledges at once. This is the first  
time that the State Committee of  
Kentucky has ever been offered  
aid from the National Committee,  
and is it your disposition to ignore  
their support? Indeed it seems  
so. You may differ with the Com-  
mittee as to their plan of work; if  
you do, offer your objections at  
once and do not keep them in sus-  
pense waiting on you to help them.

Most of men say they are not  
able to give to every good organi-  
zation. That may be true, but we  
are only asking you to give to one.  
Any institution that tends to the  
betterment of society it is your  
duty as citizens to maintain and  
protect; and as you love to dwell  
on the fact that the Prohibition  
party contains these elements in its  
organization you should make some  
preparations for its advancement.  
This letter is not unlike others  
that have preceded it, full of er-  
rors, but it expresses what I mean  
and just what the occasion prompts  
me to say. Accept this as a hint  
that you are indebted to the  
committee a sum not less than fifty  
cents per month and not more than  
\$100 per month, and which sum  
suits your convenience the better to  
pay, do pay at once.

G. M. BROOKS,  
116 E. Maxwell St.,  
Lexington, Ky.

**GLORY HALLELUJAH!!!**  
Three-Fourths of the Farmers  
Alliance Men are for Pro-  
hibition.

Brethren of the Prohibition  
party and of the Farmers Alli-  
ance, I tell you we are on top  
yet. The Alliance Convention  
has not adjourned as I go to press  
and I can not give you the par-  
ticulars, but THE BLADE next  
week will be chuck full of Pro-  
hibition and Alliance, yoked  
together, and we are going to  
get there.

The best men of the Alliance  
tell me that three-fourths of the  
men of their party are Prohi-  
bitionists, and their National  
lecturer Terrell made a speech  
that sounded just like George  
Bain was talking and such old  
Prohibs as W. W. Goddard and  
D. A. Curry, of Harrodsburg,  
were almost jolly enough to get  
drunk over it.

**Reform at the Top.**  
If the liquor traffic is to go on de-  
bauching the masses till it shall have  
made them all either fools or fiends,  
the fortunes that are built on the crisis  
above the volume will be swallowed up  
by such an upheaval as will make the  
French revolution pale into insignifi-  
cance. All who pray, all who preach,  
all who teach and all who care for tem-  
perance need to unite, heart and voice  
and influence, for a total abstinence  
revival which shall sweep through the  
palace as well as the cabin, and make pos-  
sible the legislation we need, which is  
nothing less than the demand of our  
national Prohibition platform, "to  
prohibit the importation, exportation, man-  
ufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors  
as a beverage." If we are to suppress  
the saloon at the bottom, we need to  
smash the champagne bottle at the top.

**All for Fun.**  
The liquor men spent \$1,000,000 in  
Pennsylvania to defeat Prohibition.  
This of course was all done for fun. No  
one would suppose that they were afraid  
of Prohibition, because it doesn't pro-  
hibit, you know. This money was paid  
mostly to Democratic and Republican  
newspapers, as much as \$1,000 being  
paid to a single daily to deceive its own  
subscribers.

**Fuel vs. Theory.**  
At Clarinda, Ia., under a \$500 license  
law, a tax of 1 per cent was called for  
to pay the running expenses of the town,  
and at the end of the year the town was  
in debt. Under Prohibition a tax of 1  
per cent was paid, and at the end of the  
year there was a surplus in the treasury.  
One fact like the above is worth a  
column of theorizing.

**JUDGES DISAGREE.**  
There is Not Unanimity on the Subject  
of the Original Package Trade.

Importers of original packages who  
have been consulting on the recent de-  
cisions of Judges Foster and Phillips  
to open up their outlawed trade have  
reckoned without their host. Judge  
Shiras has made an important de-  
cision in the case of E. E. Speckler, of  
Coco Rapids, Ia., on a writ of habeas  
corpus. Speckler was convicted in the  
Carroll county district court of selling  
liquor in the original package subsequent  
to the passage of the Wilson bill, and  
was sentenced to serve a term of ten  
days in jail. It was shown that Speckler,  
acting as agent for an Omaha firm, had  
sold liquors in the original packages.

Judge Shiras held that in his opinion  
the points in the Topeka case were mis-  
tated by Judges Foster and Phillips;  
that no point was more definitely settled  
by the supreme court than the fact that  
a state had a right to prohibit the traffic  
in intoxicating liquors.

The original package decision by that  
court didn't involve the validity of the  
Iowa law. The question simply arose as  
to the point at which the state had con-  
trol of the liquors imported into it. An  
other acting under authority of the  
Iowa law seized some liquor in the hands  
of the importer's agent and the United  
States supreme court held that the  
seizure was an interference with inter-  
state commerce, a subject which the  
constitution delegates to congress alone.  
Then congress, in the exercise of this  
constitutional power, passed the Wilson  
bill.

The Wilson bill simply waives the  
right of congress in this matter, and  
gives the state full power over the liquor  
from the time it enters its territory.  
Therefore it is not necessary that the  
Wilson bill should work a revival of the  
Iowa law in order to make that law  
operative. It has been operative all the  
while. The only question was as to the  
point where the liquor became subject  
to the law, and the Wilson bill made it  
apply to all liquors within the state,  
whether imported or not. And that is  
all there is of the question.

In conclusion Judge Shiras said: "The  
Prohibition law of Iowa is in full and  
complete force today, and applies to  
every sale of liquor made within its pur-  
view, the decision of Judge Phillips to  
the contrary notwithstanding. The ap-  
plication for a writ in this case is dis-  
charged, and the defendant is continued  
in custody."

In the course of his remarks the judge  
said that this original package question  
and the constitutionality of the Wilson  
bill will eventually reach the United  
States supreme court, and he (Judge  
Shiras) did not care to take the responsi-  
bility of discharging prisoners convicted  
by the state courts when the highest  
court might decide that they were right-  
fully held. He added that he under-  
stood Judge Caldwell was about to pass  
upon the question at Little Rock, and if  
that decision should be against the leg-  
ality of the Kansas law he (Shiras)  
would have to bow to the wisdom of  
his superior.—Chicago Lever.

**OUR POSITION ON SCHOOLS.**  
Down with the Little Red School House,  
Up with Big White One.

The following shows why the Prohi-  
bitionists are for the annihilation of the  
"little red school house," built from the  
impoverishment of our people, inade-  
quate for the needs of our children and  
stained with the red blood of thousands  
of victims immolated on the altar of  
vice, and in favor of large school  
houses, built from the free will offerings  
of a prosperous people and white as the  
parity of the children within. The  
Union Signal says:

A circular comes to our desk, appar-  
ently well authenticated, but of such a  
nature that we cannot help believing it  
a forgery. It is apparently a typewritten  
letter, on a sheet bearing the letter-  
head of the "Board of Education, Omaha,  
Nebr. C. E. Goodman, president; Charles  
Conroy, secretary," and signed in au-  
thority by Charles Conroy. It is ad-  
dressed to the school teachers and those  
interested in the public schools of Ne-  
braska, and is an appeal to vote against  
the amendment, because Prohibition  
will decrease the wages of teachers, for  
the reason that the license money in that  
state goes into the school fund.

It sets forth that the cities of Nebraska  
would lose \$750,000 annual revenue by  
the adoption of the prohibitory amend-  
ment, and "the natural result would be  
that the salaries of teachers in our cities  
and towns would be reduced, and many  
of the best teachers would have to be  
dropped altogether." This is the legiti-  
mate outworking of turning license  
money into the school fund. As we  
showed, when the plan of applying re-  
ceipts from internal revenue to educa-  
tion was proposed by Gen. Logan, it  
would bankrupt the liquor power with  
the public school, and so make it im-  
pregnable.

Prohibition in Arkansas.

By ballot and petition the license of  
the liquor traffic has been wholly pro-  
hibited in forty-two of the seventy-five  
counties of Arkansas. In most of the  
thirty-three counties the liquor traffic is  
confined to comparatively few places,  
ordinarily to the cities and large towns.  
In twenty-five counties majorities were  
cast against license at the last election,  
and in many other counties the vote was  
very close, the total vote being reported  
as follows: For license, 94,344; against  
license, 68,035.

We think the total vote against license  
at the approaching election will be much  
larger than it was two years ago.—  
Arkansas Methodist.

**RACKET STORE!**  
11 & 13 W. Main St.  
The cool weather will soon be here. We are fixed for it with the largest stock of  
**FALL and WINTER GOODS**

We have ever shown. Underwear for Men at 20, 25, 45, 48, up to \$1.24 each.  
Ladies Vests at 20, 25, 35, 45, 50, up to \$1.25 each.  
Children's Vests and Pants at all prices, from 8 cts. to \$1.00 each.  
Hosiery, all prices and grades.  
White Blankets, 75, 85, \$1.00, \$1.25, up to \$10.00 a pair.  
Bed Blankets, all wool, at \$2.50 pair. Full line of Comforts at lowest cash prices.  
Have just added a full line of Ladies' Black Dress Goods.  
Fur and Cloth Cloaks. Infants and Children's Cloaks.  
"Nellie Bly" Caps at 50, 65, 85, to \$1.50.  
Belts, Girdles, Kid Gloves, Cashmere Gloves, &c.  
Clark's cotton, three spoons for 10 cts; Sewing silk at four cents per spool;  
Needles and Pins at one cent paper.

**J. D. PURCELL.**

IF YOU WANT THE BEST FLOUR USE

**Cream Extract.**

BE SURE TO ORDER THAT BRAND MADE BY

**Lexington Roller Mills Co.,**

**JOS. Le COMPTE, Sec't. & Manager.**

**Heating Stoves & Furnaces!**  
Acorn Hard Coal Base Heaters Are Always the Best.

**CARBON FAVORITE, a new soft coal BASE HEATER**  
is a fine stove. Our stock must be seen to be appreciated.

"Economy" and "Tropic" Warm Air Furnaces

**ARE THE BEST MADE**  
And sell rapidly. If you want a Warm Air Furnace, get the BEST of us. No  
charge for estimates. Our stock is complete in all departments, and  
we sell as cheap as the cheapest. Give us a call.

Respectfully,  
**VANCE & FEENEY,**

**20 WEST MAIN STREET.**

**POPULAR RESTAURANT**

**FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,**

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**Shell Oysters, Game and Everything in Season.**

**STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.**

**Best in Lexington. J. H. DAVIDSON, Prop'r.**

**KIDD & GRAVES,**

**DEALERS IN**

**Ornamental, Bronze and Plain Hardware**

**CUTLERY, GUNS, AMUNITION,**

**MANTELS AND GRATES, TILING;**

**Carpenters' and Blacksmiths' Tools, Rope, Chain, Belling,**

**Pumps, Churns, Scales, Coal Vases and Hacks Fire Irons,**

**Bird Cages, and House Furnishing Goods, Barbed and**

**and Smooth Wire, and Ready-Mixed Paint.**

**56 & 58 E. Main St. Telephone 184.**

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**OVERSTREET & WILSON'S**

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**New Drug Store,**

**No 15 NORTHERN BANK BLOCK, SHORT ST.,**

**Where Only First-Class Goods will be Sold in Every**

**Department, at LOWEST PRICES.**

**PRUDEN'S**

**Marble and Granite Works,**

**44 W. Main St., near Broadway.**

**LEXINGTON. KENTUCKY.**

**CEMETERY WORK OF ALL KINDS**

**Neatly Executed.**

**ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED**



Charles C. Moore  
Editor

PLEASE X!!!

To all Editors to Whom "The Blade" May Come Directly:

Brethren of the Tripod and Phyllophaga:

Allow me to state to you that this shebang does not assume to be a Prohibition elementary institution that dispenses gratuitous literary, high moral pabulum to a world that hungereth and thirsteth after righteousness.

THE BLADE goes to you on the supposition that you will exchange with me, and there are not half of you doing it. What's the matter with you?

Fraternal, but indignantly yours,  
CHARLES C. MOORE  
his newspaper.

Three Other Subscribers to the Stock of the Blade Decline to Pay, and One Asks to be Released.

Until this time sixty-one of the 120 subscribers to the stock of the BLADE have paid me, nearly all of them expressing thorough sympathy for the BLADE, and its conduct and its purposes.

A number of others have in the few days past promised to pay, and some who have paid me have volunteered to increase their subscription when I notify them, and one without being requested has doubled his subscription.

Three others have declined to pay, making five in all with Dr. Oxford and Judge Hunt.

One gentleman has simply asked me if I would release him stating that he was so poor he could not pay his rent. I have released him and have more sympathy for him than ever, and am going to help him whenever I get a chance.

Another rich farmer has very politely asked me to release him, but stating that he would pay me if I insisted upon it. I wrote him that I had made business obligations based upon his promise to pay me, that I thought it would be unjust not to pay me, but I would not contest it if he declined to pay me.

He is a thoroughbred, and I will be pretty sure to get my money.

Mr. John T. Shelby has plainly declined to pay me. Mr. Shelby's father was, I suppose, recognized by the public, who read my very sensational first issue, as the complimented exception in the committee that sat on the stage at the Mills speech in the Opera House here.

Mr. Shelby is the partner of Colonel Breckinridge. I believe that if the BLADE had been conducted precisely as it has been except that it had been as earnestly for Col. Breckinridge as it has against him, that Mr. Shelby would have paid his stock subscription.

Hon. Claude Johnson declines to pay his subscription, in a letter that is a model of elegance and gentility, and in which he encloses \$2 for the subscription to the paper and tells me he intends to be a reader of the BLADE.

I have responded to Mr. Johnson's letter in the politest and kindest terms.

One of the rackets I had to stand from the first issue of The Blade was a compliment to Mr. Johnson, as former Mayor of this city, that involved some disparagement to the present incumbent, his successor, who beat Mr. Johnson by a notorious instance of the corruption in politics that The Blade is trying to correct.

Mr. Johnson was formerly a chemist and druggist in this city. I dealt with him and paid my bills promptly on presentation without any dispute, until on one occasion I sent by a negro house girl an order for a dose of medicine for a child that was threatened with croup, and he sent back by the girl five dollars worth of morphine. There were no morphine eaters in my family.

Mr. Johnson was the inventor of a system for making fourteen year old whisky in seven days after it came out of the still. The full particulars of the plan will be found in the Transcript, written by me, as a reporter, but full of evidence of my lack of comprehension of his chemical ideas.

The plan will be remembered by many people of this city as having required that each barrel

of whisky should be rocked in a cradle.

For this purpose Mr. Johnson put up a large building on Vine street that was managed something like one of the "baby farms" that they have in Europe. Each barrel had its own little cradle and they put it in its little bed, and a nigger stood by with a rope attachment that worked whole rows of cradles at once and rocked them all the time for seven days, that anybody was in sight at least, and as now claimed to perfect the plan, without cessation, all night; the charm all being dispelled if the cradles are once stopped. Mr. Johnson had implicit confidence that that nigger would not one second allow one of those cradles to stop rocking any time through the night when Mr. Johnson was at home asleep.

I could never exactly catch on to the idea by which the cradle was to make the whisky get older, except the general impression that nearly all old people had once been rocked in cradles; and I suppose that in rocking the whisky there was a sort of lullaby influence, sort of "Rock-a-by-baby-on-the-tree-top," "Rock me-to-sleep-mother" influence over the whisky, that would get the fighting quality out of it.

Soon after Mr. Johnson got through working his whisky, a saloon-keeper on Vine street, who was at the time with Mr. Johnson in the City Council, painted as a sign on the side of his saloon the words "Fourteen year old whisky." I don't know that it was the cradle whisky of Mr. Johnson's, but if it was, that nigger that was left to rock that whisky must have gone to sleep and quit rocking and left some fight in it, for one of the customers of the saloon got his brains knocked out with an axe handle at that saloon.

But I have no doubt that, as Mr. Johnson says, he is in heart a great friend to the Temperance cause, and that his whisky cradle may have been intended to co-operate with "Mother Stewart," of Ohio, the dear, good old woman who about that time was starting the temperance crusades in Ohio, from which Prohibition has come.

The last party who has declined to pay me is Mr. J. T. Slade.

Mr. Slade is one of the pillars of the Short Street Baptist Church, whose pastor, Rev. Felix, is a stockholder of The Blade, who paid his stock before I was ready to receive it; who preaches Prohibition in his pulpit, and has most generously and Christianly endorsed and encouraged me in words on the streets, and in what, I have been told, were probably references to me in his pulpit.

Mr. Slade has made his fortune as a school teacher and as an engineer. In the few words of the inelegant note he wrote me he spelled the word *cancel*, e-a-n-c-e-l, with a plain dot on the i. I paid him once a large bill for a large job of surveying. While the guest of my house on that occasion he so aroused my indignation that under other circumstances I would have expressed my contempt for him at the time in stronger terms than I did. He described to me exultingly, in the presence of my wife who had a young child in her arms, how as a school teacher he had whipped George Payne most brutally, telling with dramatic effect how he made the blood run from his body. I never was whipped by a school teacher in my life, and have a contempt for all teachers who whip their students, and have lately expressed my unmitigated contempt for the way a great big double-fisted school teacher whipped the small and delicate son of Mr. John T. Shelby, when the boy, that I knew to be a splendid child, was acting the little hero to shield a classmate.

I was so disgusted with Mr. Slade after his story of whipping young Payne that I avoided speaking to him for ten years afterward. I told him at the time that his treatment of the boy, from his own account, was enough to ruin any boy. Payne, in a drunken fit, killed a man and then suicided. I suppose he whipped Payne because the boy did not spell to suit him.

I have never had the large job of surveying that Mr. Slade did for me tested. Afterward he was employed by a turnpike company, in which I was a stockholder, to do a very simple job on the Horeb turnpike. In measuring the distance from one pier to another for a bridge across Elk Horn creek, he missed the distance ten feet, and was made by the company to pay \$100 for the damage he had done.

I know there are those who will say that I am saying these things simply in the spirit of unkindness. It is not so, I am doing it in a self defense that the law allows me, and in justice to those stockholders that have paid me.

It is inconsistent with my claims to fight or quarrel or engage in any personal abuse, but these gentlemen are doing me an injustice which there is not a man in Fayette County believes I would under like circumstances do

to them. I have a right to show their ingratitude, and to show that some unjust animus may have inspired their action rather than their conscientious conviction of the justice of their course.

By their act they have induced me to undertake financial obligations, and when it becomes unpopular to support me, and the hue and cry is against me, they desert me upon a technicality perfectly unworthy the family standing of Messrs. Shelby and Johnson. I know nothing about that of Mr. Slade.

I have supposed for some time, and I think it is generally understood, that Mr. Johnson was not successful in his Western life, and I was one of a great many friends that he has, who sympathized with him in the dark days that may have befallen him, as they have me and many others, and it he had said that in his desire to encourage me he had promised to pay that which subsequently he found inconvenient to do, I would gladly have released him and my admiration would have been increased for him, just as it is for the gentleman who did that way.

Mr. Johnson made his subscription to the stock, perfectly at his own instance, and without any appearance of solicitation from me, and immediately following that of Mr. W. C. France who also subscribed his stock without any hint of solicitation from me, telling me, as Mr. Johnson heard, that he was a Prohibitionist, receiving my commendation for being such, and understanding, as I think, that I was going to edit a Prohibition paper.

Mr. France paid me his subscription, which was twice the amount of that of Mr. Johnson, with some kind messages by the young gentlemen by whom he sent the money.

I am willing to admit, for the sake of argument, that upon a technicality Mr. Johnson may have been released from his obligation to me, and that men in the ordinary walks of life might claim such a release, but a gentleman of Mr. Johnson's standing can not afford to do it.

Of course I do not want, and would not have, the money of any of these gentlemen now.

I have employed an expert with one of these pocket cameras with which you can snatch a man's mug as he walks along the street, and all subsequent biographical sketches of parties who decline to pay their stock subscriptions to The Blade will be accompanied with a wood cut.

Whisky Democracy Murders my Neighbor, Dr. B. P. Gorham.

Tuesday morning a drunken negro, named Anthony Duncan, murdered my neighbor, Dr. B. P. Gorham, by shooting him through the heart with a pistol while the doctor was trying to defend a neighbor's child against an assault by the negro.

The doctor was a good Confederate soldier, good neighbor, good husband, good father, good farmer and a good citizen.

I sat with him under the shade of his yard trees and talked with him last summer, and he told me about his memories of the war, the neglected and discouraged farming interests of the country, and of the hopes for brighter and better times. I have known him as long as I can remember, and I never heard an unkind word of him in my life.

He never did to me nor to any other human being, that I ever heard of, an unkindness.

The whole community where he lived, and where his stricken wife and children survive him, are distressed and outraged, and are trying to get the miserable, murdering negro.

They think if they can kill the negro law and justice will have been avenged.

But it will not. The low, ignorant negro that did the actual shooting that killed Dr. Gorham is simply an accessory to the crime. The people upon whom the original responsibility of the murder rests, are the leaders of the Democratic party of Fayette county, who make the laws that furnish that negro whisky, and who, last August, near that negro's home, taught him that it was right to get drunk, induced him to come from his home and leave the work of his employer to get drunk, furnished him the whisky to get drunk, paid him to get drunk, bought his drunken vote for the brother of the murdered man, the candidate himself furnishing a part of the whisky, as he told me himself, and the negro is turned loose as a madman ready for murder, as he has done, upon a turnpike of which I was President, and along which my wife and young son, and the unprotected wives and children of other citizens had to ride, and meet these brutal drunken creatures.

When Prohibitionists write articles against whisky they write

them with ink. When Democrats make Prohibition arguments they write them in blood as Dr. Gorham wrote.

It looks strange that the good and intelligent people of the country can not see and understand these things, or, if they do see them it is still stranger that they will allow it without a protest.

Upon investigation it will almost certainly be found that that very negro was last August furnished whisky by two officers of the law to secure his vote, one being the brother and the other the nephew of the murdered man.

The Lexington Leader, the organ of the "high moral" Republican party closes its account of the murder in the usual stereotyped explanation of Kentucky crimes.

The Leader says: "Duncan has the reputation of being a hard drinker and a quarrelsome man, and is believed to have been more or less intoxicated at the time he committed the crime."

You can turn over to the Leader's editorials and there is the everlasting old grind about Democrats and Republicans, and a lot of old worn out stuff about things in States a thousand miles off, but there is no suggestion that he should for a few moments halt in the consideration of tariff and protection, and do something to stop the cause of this crime that lays its bleeding victims at our doors.

Missionaries come from India and arouse our people to the importance of sending money there to stop the people from worshipping a white elephant, or to China to stop their worship of some little sticks in a flower pot, and they will raise the money, and send the missionaries, and sing "From Greenlands Icy Mountain, from India's Coral Strand," and feel themselves so intensely religious. But you may beg them in vain for a contribution to a cause that wants to save women and children from the wretchedness that has fallen upon Dr. Gorham's family; and the very people who will go and sympathize with that family and help bury their dead, and look for his murderer; good doctors and Sunday School superintendents and church goers though they be, will, at the very next election buy whisky and give it to negroes to get their votes.

I don't wonder that the daughter of an India Missionary told me at my country home last Summer that in the many years of her father's life in India, he only made three converts to Christianity, and they have to be paid to stay in the Church, while missionaries from India are coming to America and establishing big societies of people who love Buddha and Gantama more than they love Jesus, whose followers say that he converted pure, fresh, wholesome water into wine for people to drink at a convivial feast.

Give us Mahometanism, whose followers for twelve hundred years have been consistent Prohibitionists; give us Chinese joss houses and opium, instead of Christian churches and whiskey; give us the religion of the Schiaves, with the legends of Thor and Woden, or the religion of the American savage, who hears the voice of his God, in the roar of the thunder, the volcano and the earthquake; give us anything from Zoroaster's worship of the sun down to the Zulu's adoration of the fetish; give us anything before the Christianity of Fayette county that furnishes whisky to brutal negroes, and sacrifices the father upon the family altar before the eyes of his wife and children.

The Election.

In Michigan, 50,000 votes are claimed for Partridge the Prohibition candidate for Governor, as against 20,942 votes polled for Fisk in 1888. Dr. Kelley, the Prohibition nominee for Governor of Tennessee, has increased nearly threefold the vote of 5,069 for Fisk in that State. John Bidwell, California's Prohibition candidate for Governor, polled 12,000, doubling the Fisk vote. New York, according to Chairman Baldwin, will show 35,000 Prohibition votes, a gain of 5,000 over Fisk. Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, West Virginia, have all made Prohibition gains or held their own. Iowa has doubled Fisk's vote. South Carolina polls in 10 counties nearly double the vote cast in the whole State for Fisk in 1888.

Nebraska was carried by the liquor men by 17,000.

The outrages committed by the whisky roughs were terrible.

Old gentlemen and ladies and some ministers who were working for Prohibition were beaten and rotten-egged by the liquor people.

It's pretty rough, but "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

To each Prohibitionist of Kentucky it ought to show the importance of redoubled zeal for our cause.

May for Sale, and Grass for Rent.

I have fifty tons of the very finest pure timothy hay, that I want to sell, and which I will deliver in Lexington, and one hundred acres of good bluegrass, elegantly watered, that will be fine for winter grazing, that I want to rent.

CHARLES C. MOORE.

## THE WORK BEGINS WELL

ACTIVE ORGANIZING WORK STARTED IN SOUTHERN STATES.

Chairman Dickie Starts the Ball Rolling. Enthusiastic Reception and Strong Cooperation Insured—State Organizing Funds Raised.

Most encouraging reports are received from the states in which Chairman Dickie has held conferences with the committees and other Prohibitionists. The conferences held have all been enthusiastic, but better still they have been businesslike.

Very little time has been wasted in sentimentality. Organization is the order of the day, and the plans prepared by Chairman Dickie and Secretary Thomas have been found well adapted to the situation, and are now being carried out.

In Delaware the campaign was given an impetus which will show results in the November vote. There are devoted men in the little state who are willing to serve the party, but their efforts have been handicapped by the lack of proper organization. Next year will see this rectified.

Maryland Prohibitionists are hard workers. An organizer has been in the field, but resources were exhausted and he was about to withdraw for lack of support. Through the help of the national committee the work has been put on a new and firm basis, and organizing work will be continued throughout next year.

In West Virginia the Prohibitionists have gone to work with a vim and energy that promises great results. The national committee has through a liberal guarantee of support enabled them to place at least one organizer in the field. The expense of one is already secured, but without stopping here they intend to push on. The quest, the state organ, will be vigorously pushed. In fact, the circulation of state Prohibition papers will be a prominent feature in the organizing work.

At the conference in Wheeling a monthly state fund of \$50 per month was subscribed, and this will be pushed to \$100 or more without trouble.

North Carolina will astonish the Prohibitionists by her progress.

Chairman Dickie's conference at Greensboro was well attended, and the enthusiasm was unbounded. The state committee was reorganized, and a state fund of \$50 per month was pledged on the spot. The national committee has put the committee in a condition to immediately start an organizing work, and Capt. W. T. Walker, a one armed Confederate soldier, will probably take the field without delay. Chairman Dickie is greatly rejoiced over the energy and determination evinced in the Pine Tar state. The new state executive committee is as follows: Chairman and treasurer, Edwin Shaver, of Salisbury; secretary, J. H. Southgate, of Durham. W. T. Parker, Archdale; D. W. C. Bonlow, Greensboro, and F. L. Emery, Worthville.

Other southern states are feeling the stir and are calling for help, and planning co-operation. The work must go on not only in the south but all over the land. The outlook is cheery, the promise for the future bright. Let every Prohibitionist lend a hand in the work.

Well to Have the Laugh First.

The Prohibitionists of the country have been very quiet of late, and if they only knew what a delightful relief it has been, not only to the wife and spirit trade, but to all men of ordinary common sense, they would be bound by the most emphatic teachings of a Christian civilization to remain in their holes, and use reasonable efforts to pull the hair out of their heads.

How the rummies chuckle over the fancied "quiet" of the Prohibitionists! Never laugh too soon, Bonfort. We'll see you later, and not very far, too.

Buyer and Seller Equally Golly.

David Bennett Hill is governor of New York, and purchased the office with the sale of the presidency to Senator Quay in behalf of Benjamin Harrison.—Providence (R. I.) Journal, Rep.

Hush! don't talk so loud! Some of our good Republican church elders and deacons may hear you. Of course, any man who is not a political babe knows what you say is perfectly true, but, bless your heart, our good-golly-Republicans won't believe it. Quay to them is an angel plastered over with Democratic mud.—People.

A Liquor Prosecutor's House Blown Up.

A charge of dynamite exploded under the house of E. J. Bennett, at Berlin Falls, N. H., recently, badly shattering the front of the house, but not seriously injuring any member of the family. Bennett is a liquor prosecutor. Again an attempted assassination of an executor of the law. Put a political party in power behind the law, and fully committed to it, and we would hear of no more such outrages.

A Suggestive Showing.

In 1850 there was one criminal in the whole United States to every 3,419 people. In 1880 there is one criminal in the United States to every 860 people. Thirty-six "wet" counties of Georgia have one convict to every 690 people. One hundred and one "dry" counties in that state have one convict to every 1,324 people.

The Women at the Polls.

The women of Nebraska propose to hold an all day prayer meeting Nov. 4. This will not interfere, however, with having a strong working force at the polling places. The women will be there with ballots in their hands. They work as well as pray.

A Cup of Death.

The great Targemoff characterized alcohol as the "bitter cup after the drinking of which there is no redemption and no resurrection."

"The Economics of Prohibition."

Rev. James C. Fernald has just published a book with the above title, which treats the question of the prohibition of the liquor traffic mainly from an economic standpoint, and more fully than previous authors have done.

The book is written in a chatty style, argument and illustrations given in simple language, and while some statistics are given they are put in an interesting and readable form. The book is a welcome addition to the literature of our reform.

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Subscribe For The Blade.



# I Want to Get in a Lunatic Asylum, Or a Penitentiary, Or Something.

The Nicholasville Democrat is the only paper around these dig gins except the Blade, that has got out of the old ruts of journa lism far enough to do its own thinking, instead of letting some body else think for it.

It says what it thinks, and thinks what it pleases. And when it comes to religion, Great Caesar! and Holy Moses!!

If they would get a few copies of that paper scattered around among the pious brethren of this city, I would look so sanctified, in comparison with that fellow and his sheet, that they would want to make a Sunday School Superintendent of me right away.

You may know he is bad medi cine when I had to call a halt on him about that piece he wrote against letting the preachers be legislators. You recollect, two or three issues ago.

I play the same racket with Pilcher—I am afraid to call him "Brother," in print—that these Lexington editors do when they sympathized with the bereaved family whose son they have got into an inebriate asylum, or a lunatic asylum, or the peniten tiary, or his grave, or in hell—if there is any such place—and privately pat the saloon keeper on the back, and tell him to do it again, that it's a good joke etc., etc., and makes papers sell.

I write old Pilcher private let ters and tell him to do it again; but you better bet your bottom shiner that I am not going to back him in my newspaper.

No, I am not quite solid enough with the preaching brethren for that meket yet. I may get them educated up to it yet.

It's a little noticeable that, be ing a Democrat, these saintly Lexington editors don't call a halt on Pilcher's theological views.

I dare him to turn Prohibi tionist, and talk that kind of preaching. He gives me lots of tuff in his paper—by the col umn at a time—poetry and prose, and of course my vanity would make me want to print it. I give you a little sample else where. "But who in the thunder can do any good with a blasted old weekly paper? Raise me \$5,000 and I will clean the state of Democracy in two years. I am a farmer, and the Farmers' Alliance and I are as thick as any other thieves, and I can work a combine between them and Prohibition that will knock the persimmon in two years. They will be a double team, working tandem, with Prohibition in the lead, and Hibler would give a thousand dollars if he hadn't a flew the track and gone back to the Democrats and the Dem i-johns.

Old Brother Goddard writes that he is afraid I soaked it to Hibler rather rough; but I have not heard of a Lexington Prohibitionist that has shed a tear over it, and some of the rascals laughed like the dickens. I feel sorry for Hibler, now that I have gone and done it. He's between hawk and buzzard. Judge Mul ligan would not touch him poli tically with a ten foot pole, and the BLADE is going to see that he don't get back among the Pro hibits; and if he wants to join anything he will have to go in the Shakers, or the Republicans, or the Mormons, or some of those outside institutions.

No, Brother Goddard, bless your sweet life; you are one of these beautiful characters that "believe all things, hope all things, en dure all things," and old Tolstor and I have a model born over yonder in Syria, a couple of thou sand years or so ago, that we going to try to work up to, and get where you are to.

I'll bet buttermilk that if a dog were to bite you, you would rather give him a bone to gnaw on to keep him from doing it again, than to kick him.

Hibler would look mighty nice to a man who was looking at him from Harrodsburg to Lexington; but he's one of these cases where "distance lends enchantment to the view." The further of you get him the better he looks.

I think if he were on the other side of the ocean, and had no chance to get back but to swim across on a rail, I would like him too.

I think the sentiment among the Prohibits here is that I got away with Hibler just in time to keep him from getting away with us.

They tell now that he said after poor dear dead Brother Fisk, and Brooks, got so left in the sack, that "Democracy was good enough for him," and that Prohibi tion would never get there hand capped by women suffrage, and all that racket Damon got off on us in Louisville. They say that speech of his, where he flattered me out in

the Court House until I felt myself looking like a sick kitten, that the willipus wallipus had run over, was a sort of a spring board, so to speak, that he was using for a regular seven elephant political summer suit, and that he actually voted the Democratic ticket last Tuesday, but it never leaked out until I had got in my work on him, and the wind was all out of his sails, the bladder that he was saving for Christmas was prematurely burst, and the saw dust all knocked out of his doll baby, before the public, now for the first time, hears the announcement that was intended to shake Prohibition to its center.

In hard earnest I do not want to do the gentlemen an injustice, but I can simply say that I have been informed by somebody whose name I have forgotten, and who will please tell me again, that one of the officers of the late election here, that I personally know to be a good man, and a member of Mr. Hibler's own church, said that Mr. H. voted for the Democrats.

Of course, so far as I am per sonally concerned, I ought to feel sorry, and do feel sorry, for any man who would get himself in such a fix that he would have to go back to the ring Democrats of this town after having been al lowed to associate with Prohibi tionist. But I think the party can afford to immoderate Hibler on the altar of political sincerity.

Even the little sand-papering that the BLADE has given Brother Hibler—I am going to call him Brother now that we have got him down, one of the "Borlorn and shipwrecked brothers" that Longfellow talks about—I say that even this little Turkish bath and subsequent scrubbing with a new paving brick that Brother Hibler has got, will make the next Prohib that wants to go back to the Democrats "go slow," as Colonel Crockett advised, and go just as easy as he possibly can. But I have got clear away from my text.

I started to say that the Nicho lasville Democrat has a column or so complimentary of me to the ef fect that so humble an individual as I am, has engaged the attention of that concave of Democratic So lons known as the "Con-Con," whose deliberations will go echo ing down through the corridors of time in a kind of historic symphony with those of Nice, Laodicea, Ghent, Utrecht and Tilsit.

As an advertisement of the BLADE it gets away with that one of Brother Kaufman, in this pa per, of the fellow that has a bun dle of eye around him.

They say that Proctor Knott's speech about something—I forget what, though I heard some one mention it at the time—that occu pied a little over two days of the "Con-Con," deliberations, cost the State \$2,200; that is a little over \$1,000 a day.

Supposing this puff or "local no tice" that they gave me to have occupied a day and a half, it would have cost the State a little over \$1,500.

Now, while as a tax-payer I would be inclined to kick against the appropriation for an individual benefit, of course I must gratefully appreciate the advantage done me as an editor.

But, fellow citizens, if there is any virtue I claim, it is that I will tell the truth without stopping to think what in the thunder comes of it, and I hereby stake my reputation for any thing that I may have ob tained in that department upon my sworn statement, on the dictionary, that neither by offer of money or promise of political preferment under the Prohibition administration of '92, have I induced these gentlemen to act in my interest.

It seems to have been actuated solely by a general salubrity, or as Jim Mulligan would call it, a sentiment of congruiality, that would naturally be supposed to exist between a deliberative body and myself.

The Nicholasville Democrat says the scheme alluded to originated among Lexington Democratic politicians. If I understand it from the Democrat's editorial re marks and extracts from speeches that it gives, it is intended to afford protection to Prohibition editors against Democratic thugs. The plan is to afford such Prohibi tion editors protection against parties who propose to "come around with a shot gun, and blow the head off" of a Prohibi tion editor, and blow his brains out, and paint the circumjacent part of the town red with his gore. By the way, it seems worthy of comment that when a Lexington Democratic Judge re duced upon the blowing off of the head of a Prohibition editor, there seems naturally to be sug gested to him a consequent scattering of brains than it they

were going to blow the head off a clothing store dummy.

This plan for protecting Prohib editors contemplates the putting them in lunatic asylums, or in the penitentiary; the fact of editing a I want paper to be prima facie evidence of insanity, or of libel, or may be preferred by the parties to the "friendly suit."

The scheme strikes me most severely, and, especially if the BLADE blooms out into a daily so that I can't go to the country Friday and let things cool off some by Monday before I come back. I hope stockholders in the BLADE will do anything they honestly can to help the Con-Con, to materialize the arrange ment.

You see if they would put me in the Lunatic Asylum here, Superintendent Clark and I are solid, and he would give me one of the best rooms in the establish ment, and I would get board and lodging for nothing, and run the BLADE by telephone, and I would not be afraid of these blasted fel lows that are "coming around with a shot gun."

Or if it appeared that I would not be safe in the Asylum I could get transferred to the peniten tiary for libel, and I could mighty soon show the warden that he could make more money out of me by buying up a controlling in terest of the stock of THE BLADE, and letting me run it, than he could make by putting me to bottoming chairs. I could get to be a "trusty" easy enough, but if I were fixed there as I would like to be, I am satisfied that the things that I would tell from my personal expe rience with Kentucky Democrats, gained when I was a reporter on a Democratic paper, would make it healthier for me to stay pretty close inside.

The public has made a great mistake in supposing that in that first issue of THE BLADE, that stirred things so, I got all the worst things I could find against these fellows.

One of my stockholders, Wil liamson, the lumberman, gave me fits about that first paper.

He came to me and said: "You have made one of the biggest mis takes of your life in firing all that off in the first issue. If you had taken three months to get up to what you said, by degrees, there would not have been a man in the town that would have kicked, and you would have said everything that you have said."

But, bless your sweet life, that's just what I thought I was doing. I thought I was starting at the bot tom and going up "by degrees" most beautifully. The things that I mentioned I regarded as mere peccadilloes compared with the other things that I knew, that I was going to tell about Lexington politicians.

I was cutting bars at the time I concluded to start the THE BLADE again, and sat down on Saturday, Sunday and part of Monday and I wrote enough to fill THE BLADE chuck full for a month, so that I would not have to stop my bar job. I had these articles divided off for the differ ent weeks so as I would have just to send them to the printers.

All of these weeks allowances had my ruminations on Lexing ton politics; my natural genius for expressing my views in Eng lish being greatly stimulated by my fresh recollections of the August election in Dog Fennel.

These reflections commenced very moderate, as it seemed to me, compared with how every body out there was talking about Lexington politicians.

My idea was to let these articles rise in a sort of literary geomet rical progression, until at the end of a month or two I could safely begin to tell what I knew and what I thought about it, as Wil liamson suggested.

But, Jerusalem! If those lit tle Sunday School facts that I printed in the first issue had any lightning in them, some of those that I had written for the end of the first month would have laid it over anything that Charley Stoll's lightning factory, out North Broadway, can do.

But, when I saw how the little things I said in the first issue had taken, you better bet I burned up the balance of the month's supply.

I want to be willing to die, when the time comes, and I can't help it, but I am not hankering after martyrdom that bad.

You know that summer before last, or the summer before that, I forget which, was the worst bum ble bee year that ever was in this country since Columbus discovered it. You remember that they caused the death of one of our most valuable citi zens.

Well, the durned things made a pair of my mules run off and kick a brand new mower all to pieces, and run all the niggers out the meadow that I was pay ing a dollar and a half a day.

It was hot as the mischief, and

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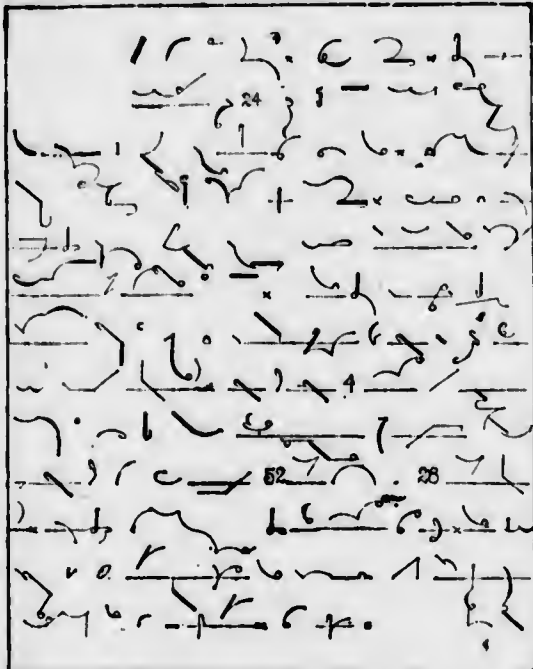
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Carriages, Phaetons,  
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—AGENTS FOR THE—

New All-Steel Frame McCormick Binder.  
The Unequaled Standard Mower.  
The Vandiver Corn Planter.  
The Malta and Ohio Corn Cultivators.  
The Best Chilled Plow—The Vulcan.

I didn't have on a stitch of

clothes but a pair of cotton socks—I had thrown away my old shoes because they wore all the skin off my heels—and an old pair of cotton breeches, origi nally blue, that had been washed until they were white, and no thicker than a mosquito bar; a thin cotton shirt split down the back like a seven-year locust; a cotton hat that I gave a quarter for at Shaws, that I was wearing the second summer, that had been through seven hundred rains, and the stiffening was all washed out until you could stick it in your vest pocket, like your summer girl's Cape May bathing suit; and my hair was cut fight ing fashion with a lawn mower.

In that way I got mud at them bumblbees, and I took a brush and went for sixteen nests that averaged a thousand, in fifteen minutes.

The niggers had to hunt stumps and lay across them to lugh, and it was nip and tuck which was going to come out on top, me or the bumblbees; but I downed them bundy.

But I know where to draw the line, and I am not going to stir up these Lexington politicians again, unless I can stay in something a little more tough proof than a boarding house.

**THE MILWARD CO.,**  
8 and 10 W. Main St.,  
Lexington, Ky.

**MUSIC and ART DEALERS.**

**Pianos, Organs, Etchings and Artistic Framing.**

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W. M. ADAMS & SON, 42 N. Broadway, LEXINGTON, KY.



New and original designs of Artistic Monuments, in Granite and Marble. First-class workmanship and lowest consistent prices. We have the largest trade in Central Ken tucky, and guarantee satisfaction. Write for prices and information before ordering any style of work.

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**Staple and Fancy Groceries**

FRUITS POULTRY AND VEGETABLES.

Special attention paid to Country Produce. Telephone call 177

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ARE RECEIVING DAILY,

All the New and Nobby Styles

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# SHOES!

A FEW SPECIALTIES:

OUR CELEBRATED ENGLISH GRAIN WAIRENFHAST \$2.00, \$2.50, wear like iron, keep the feet perfectly dry.

OUR KANGAROO, CALF AND HEAVY CALF SHOES are calf lined, have extra Tap Soles, \$4.00, make elegant shoes for heavy wear.

Our stock of Mens' Shoes is complete from the lightest to heaviest.

COME AND SEE OUR ASSORTMENT AND PRICES.

**S. BASSETT & SONS,**

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The Cheapest place in the City to Purchase

**DRUGS, TOILET ARTICLES,**

Pens, Paper and Stationery of All Kinds,

—IS AT—

**EDGAR'S PHARMACY,**

70 AND 72 EAST MAIN STREET

All Electric Cars Pass the Door.

**T. G. CALVERT,**

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Has received the largest and most Complete Stock ever brought to Lexington,

**WATCHES, - DIAMONDS,**

Solid Silver Plated Ware, French & American Clocks, Bronzes & Fancy Goods,  
Sole Agent for the celebrated Agasiz Timing Watch. Diamond setting a specialty. Fine Timing Watches repaired and warranted.

**FINE TAILORING**

FALL 1890.

We have just opened and are now displaying the handsomest line of Foreign

Piece Goods we have ever shown.

We have greatly increased our facilities for fine work, and can show you as

handsome and stylish garments as any made in this country.

Look through our stock and place your orders early before the fall rush comes.

All work turned out promptly.

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WHITE HALL.

**BAKER & BROS.,**

No. 12 NORTH LINES ONE ST.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

**Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons etc.**

Repairing promptly done, and on reasonable terms.

They are also agents for **FRAIZER CELEBRATED CARTS.**  
We also have a stock of **PONY CARTS** on hand.

COME AND SEE US.

**BAKER and BROS.**

# DIVORCED.

Prosthetic dentistry, separated from operative dentistry.

They do not belong to each other and should not "keep com pany."

A Prosthetic Dentist is one who gives his whole time to arti ficial teeth, leaving the filling to be done by operative dentists.

I take all impressions, and do all work, myself, thus avoiding all risk. My charges will be as light as I can afford to make them. Months differ more than do faces—no two being alike, therefore, no fixed price can be given, (until after an examination).

Teeth made on any material which patients may prefer. I did all the plate-work, for the late Dr. S. Briggs, during a period of twelve years. I did all of Dr. R. J. Porre's work, whilst he was in Lexington, and have made thousands of sets of teeth, for other dentists.

Confining myself, exclusively, to the prosthetic branch of den tistry, I will, of course, do superior work.

Cleaning, extracting, and straightening teeth, are included in my specialty. No charge for "visits". Office and laboratory in John Building, directly over Mrs. Semm's "Manicure Parlors". Entrance on Walnut Street, opposite Government Building.

**F. B. BOSWORTH.**